

The Never Ending Story

by Sick Girlie Gabs

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She was new. An initiate they had called her. One had laughed as she had come back to the house. Staked on her first night out. But she had been careful. He knew it too. These things happen. Her maker had carried her to the couch. Just relax, he told her. How, she thought. I have a foot long wooden stake through my chest.

"This is going to hurt," He said. As if she didn't know. The two blond ones came over and were instructed to hold her down. The shorter one had a look of pity in his bright green eyes. The other one just grinned like a madman, staring with his cold blue eyes. Her maker straddled her for more leverage, and grasped the blunt end of the stake firmly and began to pull. She screamed a scream that would wake the dead and rang the ears of the three men around her. When it was finally out, she was told never to go hunting alone. The wound had instantly closed.

"That was stupid of you," Gangrel said, sitting beside her on the couch. "You're new. Next time you get the hunger, take one of us with you. We can spot the hunters." He gestured to the stake lying on the table.

"Well, some of us can." Edge remarked, grinning at Christian, who threw a candlestick at him. Gangrel caught it with the quick move of his arm, barely seen.

"Edge, Christian, take Gabrielle upstairs, will you? I have some work to do." He kissed her as the brothers led her upstairs.

"Lucky you, staked on the first night out. Good to get it over with, right, Christian?" Edge loved tormenting his younger brother.

"Will you shut up?" He glared at this brother in mock anger, and his eyes softened as he looked towards Gabrielle. Her short brown hair danced with highlights as the candlelight hit it. She looks like an angel, he thought.

"Well, Gabrielle, you get your own room. Its right here." Christian led her to the doorway. The door was huge, solid wood, painted black. He opened the door for her, as Edge leaned against the doorframe. Christian gestured for her to go in, and she did.

A huge bed, with a red velvet canopy, was stationed in the middle of the huge room. She stood, open mouthed, gawking at the sheer magnitude of the room.

"Big, isn't it?" Edge whispered into her ear, noting her reaction.

"Yeaâ€|Are you sure its mine?" She said, still in awe. Edge laughed softly.

"Its not ours. Unlessâ€|." Edge walked over to the bed and pulled the canopy away, revealing black silk sheets. He glanced suggestively at her. She pretended not to notice this, and walked around, surveying the rest of the room. There was a huge walk in closet, and a door to her own bathroom. There were more red curtains on the east wall. As she drew them aside, a wonderful view of the city was visible. It was her first good look at New Orleans.

"But why is there an east window? The sunâ€|"

"Rises in the east. That's the point. So you can enjoy the beautiful sun rises with someone special." Edge moved near to her by the window, and stared at the view, then at her. She was confused.

"Ah, the sun does not kill us." Christian broke his silence, and stood near the window as well. "The sun will never harm us, much like that steak earlier." His eyes drifted over the horizon, and then he looked at Gabrielle. "Enjoy the sunrise. About two hours until you see your first sunrise over the French Quarter. I'm going to rest. I'll see you soon, Gabrielle." He stalked out of the room silently, leaving her and Edge alone. She closed her eyes as she heard the door close.

"Its beautiful out there." She opened her eyes to see Edge staring out the window. "Look, over there. That's the Notre-Dame Cathedral. Ever been there?" His eyes returned to her.

"No. I've never been to New Orleans before last night." She walked over to a dark red chair, and sat down, easing the burden the night had left with her.

"Well, we should explore it sometime. Not tonight. You've been through too much." He sat down on the chair across from her. "Next time you go hunting, take me. I know all the best places."

"What did you mean before. What you said to Christian." She asked

just to make conversation and satisfy her own curiosity. He laughed a little before answering.

"Christian. Well, he's not used to being one of us yet. He's very, well, I don't think he's ever gonna get used to being one of us. He never defends himself when the hunters attack. He's been staked five times so far. That's why he pities you."

"Don't the hunters know it doesn't do anything?" she asked in astonishment.

"The hunters are stupid. They don't know anything about us, the new ones." He laughed again, but it seemed forced.

"Well, I am quite tired after my, um.. ordeal tonight." She said quietly, even though she didn't want him to leave. He grinned and began to rise from his seat.

"Hey, I can take a hint." He shrugged and started to walk away, but she called out.

"Can you just do me this one favour?" She asked nervously. Still grinning, he replied,

"And what would that be?"

"Just for tonight, lay with me, and hold me." Her eyes lowered. "I really don't want to be alone." He looked stunned, and after a while, answered her.

"Yes, sure, I - just let me take a shower. Mind if I use your bathroom?" She shrugged, and as he disappeared into the bathroom, breathed a sigh of relief. Gabrielle put on the pajama set that had been laying on the bed, and climbed under the cold sheets. He joined her, and just held her, nothing more. She slept in his arms, until he woke her up, so they could watch the sun rise, together.

The wood floor was cold on her feet as she walked down the stairs to the kitchen, still in her pajamas. She was hungry. Not the burning hunger she had felt last night. This one required food, but she didn't even know if she could eat food. Her question was answered as she walked into the kitchen and saw Edge eating a bowl of cereal and reading a book. Christian was seated near the window. He turned his head and smiled at her.

"Coffee?" He said, rising to greet her.

"Can we drink coffee?" She asked playfully. Edge nearly spit out his mouthful of Lucky Charms.

"If not, I'd have killed myself by now!" Edge turned his to speak to her. Laughing, Christian handed her a cup of coffee. She smelled it.

"Hazelnut! My favourite! SO, um, where is the food?" she asked, sheepishly.

"In the cupboards, where everyone else keeps it" Edge said sarcastically. She threw a tea towel from the counter at him. He laughed, and returned to reading.

"What are you reading?" She glanced over his shoulder. It was a book of poetry. "Oh, poetry I see, a little bit of cultureâ€|" He ignored her, and she shrugged. Christian took back his seat by the window as Gabrielle found the Count Chocula. She poured herself more than she'd ever be able to eat. She looked around, and couldn't see a fridge.

"So, do we have a fridge around here?" She asked. No one answered her. Edge was engrossed in the poetry, and Christian looked content staring out the window. "Fine, no milk for me" She mumbled as she pulled out the chair and sat across from Edge.

"Where's Gangrel?" She posed a seemingly innocent question, and both their heads shot up to look at her. Edge looked over to Christian, who was rising to join them at the table.

"Gabrielle, you're going to have to get used to him not being here all that much at all." Christian said gently, touching her arm.

"He's got a lot of business he calls it. It's best not to ask. What will be will be." Edge shrugged. "And if he wont tell us what he does and where he goes, he sure as hell wont tell you." He started with a serious tone, but erupted into a grin by his last words. Christian smiled a rare smile at his brother, and went upstairs without a word.

Gabrielle shrugged and ate her cereal as Edge continued to read silently.

"Soâ€|why did you choose me.." She asked in a small voice. He shifted in the chair and his eyes met hers. She quickly glanced away, wondering why she had asked that question. He was silent for a long time, as if he had to choose the perfect words.

"I've been watching you now for sometime. Everything about you seemed right for this. Something I could feel inside me. Instinct I suppose. I told Gangrel about it. He didn't know if you were old enough to accept the responsibility or make the decision. But I knew in my heart and soul that you belonged with me â€" us." He spoke barely above a whisper, staying perfectly still, eyes almost glazed over as if in memory. "When Gangrel finally told me to forget about you, I left him, the house, everything. I went to you, and decided to make you my own. I convinced myself I knew what I was doing. So I snuck into your house, and waited in your room until you came, and I took you. It was so fast, I doubt you remember." Tears formed in his eyes as he struggled to continue. "I drank, and tried to feed you, but you wouldn't take it. I was almost certain you would have died. So I did the only thing I could. I brought you to Gangrel. He didn't even ask. I told him you couldn't die, you just couldn't. He took what was left of you, and feed you with his own blood. He made youâ€|. I killed you."

"Youâ€|no, you saved me." She said in astonishment.

"And for two nights, you've been my angel, my existence, why I stayed here.. To be near you." He said quietly, looking up at her with a tear-streaked face. "My angelâ€|."

She rose, and knelt beside him. She held his face in her hands, and began to cry.

"I've dreamt of such things, wrote stories about them. You are my heroâ€|moreâ€|my lifeâ€|." She smiled at him and he clutched her head to his chest. They stayed together, held each other, crying with joy, sadness, everything in them.

Eventually, Edge rose, and so did Gabrielle.

"So, exactly how long were you watching me for?" She asked, a sweet smile playing on her lips. He looked down and shook his head. He looked back up to smile at her, only to see her climbing the stairs. He could only smile this time, with pure joy.

Gabrielle smiled too as she walked up the staircase to go to her room. She stopped when she had reached the top, just to hear if Edge was coming up behind her.

"He's not coming." A voice said to her left. It was Christian. He stepped from his doorway into full view. He was shorter than his brother was, and their only similarity was their hair.

"Hi Christian." Gabrielle said nonchalantly.

"I heard." He said flatly. It took her a few seconds to place his meaning.

"How? And Why?" she questioned him.

"I think you'd better come in. it's a fairly lengthy tale." He gestured for her to enter his room.

"Okayâ€|." She replied, somewhat unsure of what was going on. His room was the same size as hers, the only difference being the lack of an east window. In fact, the only window was a small one that looked out to the front of the house, but its curtains were closed. An iron chandelier hanging in front of the bed lighted the room. He closed the door and walked over to a chair and sat down. Gabrielle did the same, sitting across from him. She began to speak, but was cut off.

"I know you have questions for me, but I have to tell you this. It's been on my mind since Edge brought you to us. What I tell you may not make sense, because I haven't figured most of it out yet, but will in time. Just let me speak, hear me out Gabrielle, because you simply have to. There is no other reason." He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and continued. "When my brother first brought you here, I knew what had happened. Edge is not good at doing what he is told. He never was. But when I saw you lying there, barely alive in his arms, I knew you! I recognised you, but I didn't know where from. Something about you was familiar. I searched every part of my memories to no avail. When I think of you, my brain screams, _you know her, you loved her once_, but I am hesitant. I know my brother's connection with you. I have no doubt that you two are soulmates. But I just have this feeling around you. And if I didn't let you know, I'd go crazy. And there it is again, that feelingâ€|"Christian put his head in his hands as Gabrielle sat there, staring at him, open mouthed. The room was cloaked in silence for a long time, until Gabrielle spoke.

"Well, what am I supposed to say to that? You have put me in the most awkward situation. Do you realise that? That was not fair, not at all. What am I supposed to do? Ignore the feelings I just discovered for Edge to help you find out what this mystical shit is all about? You know how unfair that was." She rose from her seat to stand with her face to the wall.

"I- I'm really sorryâ€¦." He faltered. He certainly didn't expect that reaction. "I just thought you should know, that's all. You can't say you don't feel anything at allâ€¦the same wayâ€¦this can't just be a one way thingâ€¦." He was desperate to make her understand how important this was to him.

"Christian, you damn well know how much I've been through these last 3 days. Made into a vampire, taken away from my home, my life, everything. Not knowing you or Edge, let alone Gangrel, who made me! I don't even know what I can and can't do! I just got a stake through the chest yesterday that I thought would kill me, and then I find out it did nothing, and the sun won't kill us either! And to top it all off, I find out Gangrel is never here, Edge is my soulmate, he brought me into this, and now you have some profound mystical connection with me? Is it safe to say I am numb? I can't feel anything right now." She broke down for the second time that day, sinking to her knees, and leaning her head against the wall. "There's only so much a someone can takeâ€¦" She choked out.

Christian stared at her in pain, wondering what to do, comfort her, or leave her. He reached out and smoothed her hair. She didn't even flinch. He sat down by her side and put his arm around her shoulders. She turned her head to look at him. He took her face in his hands and wiped away her tears. She threw her arms around him, and buried her head in his shoulder, still weeping. He held her until her eyes could produce no more tears, and still after that. His brain stirred with thoughts of her he could not grasp, as much as he longed to. Suddenly, she snapped her head up and freed herself from his embrace. She rose, and stared at him, as he rose as well.

"What is it Gabrielle?" He asked, concerned. His voice drifted from her ears.

"I remember now. Us." She looked at him as if seeing him for the first time. "I feel itâ€¦." She whispered. "You are right, we were together a long time ago. I feel it nowâ€¦but it's too deep. I can't- I can't find itâ€¦" her tone was of sadness. "Lost, ancient memories."

"Yes." He said, then smiled. "So, I'm not crazy after all."

"I wouldn't go that far. We both could have lost it." He chuckled softly to himself.

"Oh, I was going to explain how I heard you two, right?" Her brown eyes darted up. "Yes, well, if you try, you can hear all the conversations of the world. A gift, I supposeâ€¦"

"Hardly, a curse. You heard all of it? So then Edgeâ€¦he could haveâ€¦." She spun around and bit her lip in worry.

"He never uses the gift. Too busy reading or doing whatever it is he

does." She breathed a sigh of relief. "He is thinking about you though. Go to him" she spun on her heels, kissed Christian softly on the lips, and left the room, to search out Edge.

Gabrielle climbed out the window, a last ditch attempt to find Edge. She just had a hunch. And there he was, sitting on the highest part of the roof. She carefully pulled herself up to where he sat, silent and still, eyes focused elsewhere.

"What are you doing out there?" she said, sitting beside him

"This is where I come for peace, quiet and solitude, but not any more I guess." Edge stared at her in mock anger. Gabrielle laughed. "How did you find me? Did Christian tell you?"

"No! Well, he did tell me you were thinking about me...just blurted it out. And so I've been looking all over this damned house for an hour and a half!" he laughed at her.

"So I suppose I must find a new fortress of solitude for the future. But its so nice up here" Edge fixed his eyes on the horizon. All of the buildings were outlined by the late afternoon sun. "Are you hungry?" He asked, blankly.

"Aw, hell no. I ate too much cereal this morning and" you mean..." her gaze shifted downward. Her brow creased in thought. "Yes, I am." She sighed. "Take me out tonight?" Gabrielle asked hopefully, knowing he hadn't forgotten last night's promise of showing her the city.

"What, now? The sun hasn't even gone down."

"Hey, you asked if I was hungry. And yesterday, you said"

"Oh I know. I will. Two hours, okay? That'll give you ample time to get ready." He made no effort to move from his perch.

"Okay, but I don't have anything to wear." She cast a downward glance at her clothes. She was still wearing pyjamas.

"Checked your closet?" he grinned.

"Oh, well, in that case. Two hours. But, can I ask where we're going?" She started to lower herself to the window.

"Beats me. Wear black. It looks good on you. And that's all I'll say."

"Okay then. See you soon." She waved, lowering herself through the attic window, wondering what was in her new wardrobe.

Piles of pants, skirts and shirts lay on the bed, as Gabrielle went through her closet. There were a lot of clothes and the closet still had space left. After she was sure there were no more clothes tucked away, she looked at the piles on the bed.

"Well, shit on me." She sighed. Too many clothes, too many piles. But she had made up her mind. No skirts. She was more comfortable in pants. She picked up a pair of black, vinyl ones, but deemed them too flashy, as she saw a dark red peek out from underneath a black skirt.

They were dark red, soft leather pants. Perfect, she thought. Her favourite colour. She tried them on, and they were even better. Not tight, but loose enough without being baggy. She decided to make Edge happy and wear a black shirt, but there were so many. So she picked up a black tank top, and went with that, putting a sheer black shirt over it. And combat boots. Dark red Doc Martens that matched the pants perfectly had been sitting in a corner, waiting. Gabrielle decided against makeup. She hated it anyway. She wore her hair down, framing her face. One final look in the mirror, and she was ready, as there was a knock at her door.

"Come in!" She yelled, and pretended to be folding a shirt. Edge walked in. As Gabrielle turned to face Edge, she was knocked breathless at the sight of him. He had his wavy blond hair down, it was perfect. Black sunglasses rested on the top of his head. His hair contrasted with the long black coat he wore. Underneath it was a sheer, silver shirt, completely see through, showing off his perfect chest. He wore soft, black leather pants with huge black boots. He was perfect, as far as Gabrielle was concerned.

"What?" he asked, grinning mischievously at her. "Something wrong?"

She regained her composure long enough to say, "you look beautiful!" As he neared her.

"So do you. Good thing you didn't wear black pants. Don't wanna look like the evil Bobsey twins!" He pulled his hands from behind his back to reveal a ball and chain necklace, with a Silver Star hanging from it. He moved behind her, and put it around her neck. It was cold and she shivered. He turned her to the full-length mirror.

"What do you see?" he asked, whispering into her ear. "Tell me." She stared at his reflection.

"I don't know!" She faltered. "Us?" she looked questioningly at his reflection.

"No, Gabrielle. Look deeper, what do you really see?" Edge said softly, and mysteriously. She looked into his mirrored eyes, and saw a life pass before them. She shook her head, trying to clear them, but his eyes drew her in again. She saw swirling on the surface of the mirror, and pulled away, scared.

"Why did you have me do that?" she shuttered, and turned to face him.

"You'll understand in time. But now, we have the whole night." He took her hand, and they walked out of her room, down the hall, the stairs, and out the front door, when the thought suddenly crossed her mind.

"Do you have a car?" she asked, looking around outside.

"No, but come here!" it was a dark red motorcycle. Typical badboy.

"I might have guessed." she rolled her eyes at him, and climbed on behind. He handed her a helmet, as he started it up and rode down the driveway. Gabrielle clutched his waist, thankful to be near him. As

they rode away, she caught a face, illuminated by candlelight in the front window. A hand was pressed against the glass. Christianâ€¦.

"Gabrielleâ€¦" he watched as she and his brother rode off into the sunset. Christian stood at the window for a long time; hand still pressed against the glass, until the sky was completely dark. He felt a familiar stir in his body and his brain. The Hunger. How he hated it and cursed himself everyday for making the decision. The new ones, as they were called, were literally immortal. Nothing could kill them. Not stakes, not the sunlight, holy water, or even fire. Nothing. Christian had often pondered these thoughts before Gabrielle came. He was sure she was the reason for him to have got into all of this.

He set the candle down on a table, and sat down on the bed. If she was his driving force, than could she really be meant for his brother?

The hunger stirred him once again. It was too strong to be ignored. As much as he hated it, it was feeding time. Christian grabbed his leather jacket, and took his own motorcycle out, in search of a meal.

The heavy music blared into her ears as they walked into a club called 'The Almanac'. Weird name, she thought. Her and Edge had slipped in through the side door. He rushed her to a table, and went to the bar to get drinks.

"So, this is one of the best places? Pretty mainstream if you ask me. I mean, they're playing Fear Factoryâ€¦" Gabrielle commented as Edge came back with two bottles of Vex.

"Yea, maybe so, but this is where all the hunters hang out. That's why we had to come in the side door." He looked around, and saw a group of five shifty-eyed people at a table. One of them, a young man with short, blue hair, stared with recognition at Gabrielle. She followed Edge's gaze, and shuttered.

"That's the fuck who staked meâ€¦" She scanned the exits.

"No Gabrielle, don't worry. They won't hurt you in here. But as soon as you go outside, they follow. Is that what happened last night?"

"Yea, we were by the bar talking, and I went outside. I knew he would follow, but I didn't know he was a hunter." She frowned darkly, and drank her drink. "Remy. That's what he told me his name was." Edge laughed softly.

"They all say their names are Remy or Belladonna. Cajun fucks have some obsession with Gambit, I'll betâ€¦" she smiled at this thought.

"But I love Gambitâ€¦best damn X-person ever." she said coyly. The music changed from Fear Factory, to Laid, by James, her favourite song. She looked up in surprise, as Edge took her hand, and led her to the dance floor.

"Did you do this?" she leaned in closer to yell in his ear.

"Now, how could I do that?" he yelled, innocently, moving closer to her. But Gabrielle had closed her eyes, as she listened to the music, and she did one of her most favourite things. She danced. What Edge didn't know, was that once she started, it was hard to get her to leave the dance floor. After half an hour of her manic pace, he was content to sit and watch her. She danced for an hour more, before returning to the table; beads of sweat dripping slowly down her forehead. She smiled.

"You really love dancing, eh?" Edge asked the obvious.

"Gee, now how could ya tell that one?" she replied, looking playfully at him.

"Well, funs over." His tone changed quickly to serious. "You have to feed." His eyes darkened as he scanned the room for someone, easy prey. Edge looked to one corner, to see a tall, redheaded young man smoking and coughing. He nodded in the young mans direction. He was alone.

"We'll wait until he leaves, and then follow him, until we near an alley. I'll tell you the rest when the time comes." Almost on cue, the young man got up, and left. Edge and Gabrielle rose together and followed him out the front door, keeping their distance. Gabrielle quickened her pace as Edge did. They stalked the victim, silently, until they came to an alley. Slipping through the shadows, unnoticed, Edge put his hand over the mans mouth, and pulled him into the abandoned space. He pushed the man against the wall, and motioned for Gabrielle to come over. She watched, as Edge pushed the mans head to one side, and bit down on his neck, tearing him open. He drank, but not for long. He pulled away, motioning for Gabrielle to drink. She kept her eyes on Edge, who stood on the other side of the man. Slowly, she pressed her lips against the mans open wound, and gagged a little as the blood hit her mouth. But she continued to drink it, setting a slow rhythm, speeding up as the hot, sweet blood hit her senses. She drank greedily, until she was sure she could have no more, but never breaking her fixed stare on Edge. She pulled away, leaning her head against the cool bricks, closing her eyes. Edge finished the man off, and stood perfectly still, after letting the mans body slip into a pile of garbage on the ground. Gabrielle, still resting her head against the bricks, fell into a trance like state. It was partially broken when she felt a strong hand on her shoulder. Gabrielle stared blankly at Edge, then smiled with recognition.

"Our firstâ€¦." She said, dreamily. Edge was silent as he took her hand. They walked back to the motorcycle, and sped away, without another word.

Christian tossed the old mans body away in disgust. He preyed on the sick and dying. Not being one to stick around, he walked out of the run down, sour smelling house, and got on his motorcycle. He felt the blood make his heart pump faster, satisfying the eternal hunger, at least for one night. He rode back to the house without his helmet. The wind in his face almost made him forget who he was, where he was. Christian arrived at the house just as Edge was parking his bike, with Gabrielle sitting behind him. She was still dazed from her first 'meal'.

"How did it go?" Christian asked Edge when they were off.

"Good, but she's still a bit out of it." Gabrielle stood quietly next to Edge, not moving.

"You remember your first though? It's natural. She'll be fine." Christian told his brother, even though he knew Edge was thinking about the same thing. Christian turned, and walked into the house. Edge took Gabrielle's hand and led her in, up the stairs, and into her room. She still looked dazed. He sat her down on the bed, and pulled a chair over, so he could sit in front of her. Christian moved into the doorway, watching.

"Gabrielle? You okay?" Edge took both her hands in his.

"Yeaâ€¦. I think soâ€¦but I feel soâ€¦. different." Her voice was small, and almost scared.

"Its just the new blood working its way though you. It'll be done soon. I promise. Then you'll feel more like yourself." He looked at Christian, who came over, and kissed Gabrielle's forehead.

"Hi Christianâ€¦." She said weakly.

"Hello, Gabrielle." He sat down beside her. As her face paled slightly, and her eyes became clear again, Edge sighed with relief. It was over.

"Wowâ€¦. what a trip." She said, looking at Edge, then over at Christian, who sighed with relief as well.

"It's over now. You must be tired. I'll leave you two to rest." Christian kissed Gabrielle on the forehead again, and left the room.

"Is it like that every time?" she asked, wincing with memory. He chuckled.

"No, it gets shorter, and a lot less incapacitating. Don't worry. That will hold you until tomorrow, maybe longer." He suddenly leaned forward, and kissed her. She drew back in surprise.

"I'm tired, angel. I'm going to go and rest. If you need anything, I'll be in my room. Sweet dreams." He rose, and kissed her again, softly. She heard the door close, and suddenly felt alone. She shrugged off the feeling, and wondered where the piles of clothes she had left on her bed had gone. **Oh well** she thought, **best not to question these things. **She found her pyjamas, and climbed under the cold sheets. But in the huge room, the huge bed, she felt alone. So she sat up and did the only thing she could. She crept out of her room, and walked down the hall to Edge's. She opened the door, and stood in the doorway. He sat up.

"What's wrong?" he asked her with concern.

"I couldn't sleepâ€¦. It's so alone in my roomâ€¦."

"Come hereâ€¦" she walked to stand beside the bed. "Well, get in" he said, pulling the sheets aside. She slowly climbed in. he kissed her hair, and lay down with her. She fell into a peaceful sleep almost as soon as she was settled in his arms. He stayed awake for a little

while, and watched her, before drifting off to sleep himself.

And in the room across the hall, Christian had dreams about the past, with Gabrielle. But when he woke, he remembered nothing but her face. Sighing, he forced himself back into a fitful sleep, with tortured dreams.

She opened her eyes and stared blankly around the room. She couldn't remember where she was until she looked over to the window. Edge sat with his head against the glass, watching her. She smiled and rolled over to face him.

"Finally awake? I've never seen someone sleep so long. Its noon." He smiled at her.

"Hey, I had a busy night. Leave me alone." She groaned and pulled the covers over her head. He laughed.

"You had a busier night before. You got staked! You slept for four hours and still got up before noon." He walked over and pulled the covers off Gabrielle. She groaned again, and sat up.

"Okay, I'm up. Now what?" she grinning mischievously at him. He pulled her up to stand beside him.

"Today, the two of us are going downtown and I'm going to show you the sights you've been missing all your life." He smoothed her hair back as he spoke. "So get dressed. I'll wait downstairs." She watched him as he left, and decided to take a shower in his bathroom.

The cold hit her as she stepped out and looked for a towel, but couldn't find one.

"Shit." She decided to quickly slip out of Edge's room to her own. Gabrielle slowly opened the door that lead out of the bathroom to his room. She didn't see anyone, and walked out. **Maybe he's got a towel here somewhere**. She searched the room to no avail when a voice spoke her name.

"Gabrielle!" It was Edge. She screamed, and he had scared her so much she forgot her lack of clothes. Edge moved quickly over to her, seeing her breath heavily from the fright.

"You scared the crap outta me!" He chuckled, and then looked at her. She blushed, looking for something to cover herself with. He put his hands on her shoulders, and grinned slightly.

"It's okay. I don't mind." His hands moved to her waist, pulling her closer, and he kissed her neck. Slowly, his left a trail of kisses until his lips caressed hers. She kissed him back, reluctantly. Edge pulled back, and looked in her eyes.

"What's wrong? Are you uncomfortable with this, because if you are I'll stop."

"No, it's not that. I've just never been with anyone before." Her eyes lowered.

"Oh, wow. But, how old were you?" He looked confused.

"Sixteen." He jumped at this.

"Oh shitâ€¦. Noâ€¦I thought you were at least nineteen. Oh fuckâ€¦." He sat down on the bed. "What the hell did I do?" He put his head in his hands. She lowered herself and sat next to him.

"This is not right, not at all. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I don't think there are any as young as you are. I thought you were older, I thought you had experienced all you could in the mortal body. Oh godâ€¦. This is not right." He groaned, and threw his head back on the bed, lying down. He stared at the ceiling. She looked at him, and lay down, resting her head on his shoulder, and putting her arms around him.

"It's okay." She said, reassuringly. "I like myself better this way." He sighed.

"You don't understand, Gabrielle. I always thought you were older. Nineteen. At least that's a legal age."

"Well, I was old enough to driveâ€¦" she offered, playfully, hoping to see him smile. He didn't. He just sighed again.

"This changes so much."

"It doesn't have to. Age means nothing, at least to me. We can still be together." He looked down at her, and kissed her hair.

"If you weren't so damn optimistic." He smiled. "Now go and put some clothes on!" She laughed as they both rose, and wrapped a bed sheet around her body, slipping out of the room.

Gabrielle walked downstairs, clad in black jeans that were much too big for her, and a dark red tank top. She walked in the kitchen hoping to find Edge or Christian, but it was empty. And she still didn't know where the fridge was. She went into the living room, only to find it empty too. The stake Gangrel had pulled from her chest two days ago still remained on the table caked with her blood. She shuddered with remembrance, and looked in the den. Christian was seated on the floor, next to a pile of books, reading. His eyes were fixed intently on the novel he read. Strands of golden hair fell over his face and he made no attempt to move them. Gabrielle stood in the doorway, just watching him.

"I know you're there, and I'll talk to you in a second" he said, not taking his eyes off the book. She smiled and seated herself across from him, on the floor. Again, she watched as he devoured the book. A loud boom echoed through the room and the halls as he suddenly snapped it shut. She jumped slightly.

"So Edge's taking you on the grand tour, I hear?" he said, resting the book on his knees, drawing them up to his chest.

"Yea, if I can find him that is. He told me to meet him down here, but I can't find him." She said, helplessly. He frowned in thought.

"Did you look outside? He maybe sitting on his bike, waiting." She thought about this and looked at Christian.

"Why don't you come with us? That would be fun, don't you think?" He looked down after she had spoken.

"I don't want to intrude. It should just be the two of you for now. I'd feel out of place." He said, quietly. She leaned in closer and took his hand.

"No. How could you feel out of place around us?" she asked.

"I don't knowâ€¦" he stammered. She looked in his eyes, pleading. He looked back and smiled.

"How could I say no to a look like that?" he said softly. She smiled back, let his hand go, and rose.

"Thank you Christian! This is going to be amazing." She said excitedly and bounded out the room to seek out the other brother.

Gabrielle went to the backyard, one of the many places she'd never been in the massive house. Edge hadn't been in the front with his bike, so she decided to check around the back.

The backyard was huge. It seemed to stretch out forever, or at least the garden maze did. She decided not to go in there at look for him. After quickly scanning the rest of the backyard, Gabrielle decided that Edge would just have to come and look for her. She turned around to walk back to the house, when she slammed into someone. She screamed and looked up to find Edge standing in front of her, a big grin on his face.

"Today, is not my day at allâ€¦." She muttered under her breath, "And just where the hell have you been? I looked for youâ€¦." She stared menacingly at him, and he still grinned.

"On the roof. I thought you would've looked for me there." He took her hand and they started walking back to the house.

"I thought you said you needed to find a new fortress of solitude? Those were your exact words." He laughed.

"Well, let's just forget about it for now. Ready to go?" he opened the door to the garage.

"Yea but Christian is coming too." At this, Edge's eyes grew wide.

"He's notâ€¦. You're joking!" She looked oddly at him.

"Yea, why? What's so surprising about that?"

"Christian only goes out to feed. I've been trying to get him out for months! How the hell did you do that?" he asked in astonishment. She smiled at him coyly.

"Why, my feminine charms of courseâ€¦" she looked over at the house. "I'm gonna go get him." She walked halfway then turned around. "And if you go anywhere this time, I'll kill you!" she yelled. He sat on his bike and shot her and innocent look.

"I won'tâ€|. Promise." she walked backwards, eyes on him for a few steps, before she turned and ran inside the house.

They sat in the least crowded corner of the CafÃ© Du Monde, a place Gabrielle had never been to, but read about. It was loud and busy, the crowd never seeming to die down, regardless of time. Her senses has begun to develop. She could spell every single cup of coffee and each person had their own unique scent. But more overwhelming was the scent of blood. It had grown stronger has night fell, and her hunger deepened. But Gabrielle ignored it for the time being, having too much of a wonderful time with Edge and Christian.

They had covered much of the French quarter by sunset, when she dragged them into the cafÃ©. Christian had muttered something about tourists as he got off his motorcycle. Gabrielle was replaying the days events in her mind, amazed at the clarity of her memory, when she heard a voice.

"Gabrielle? We've been here long enough." Christian said, somewhat impatiently. She sensed his hunger, and finally acknowledged hers. She looked beside her at Christian, then at Edge, and nodded.

"yea, we should be going." She quickly downed the last of her latte and rose, as did the brothers. She walked ahead of them, trying to look for someone to feed on, as Edge had done the night before.

"Leave that to me.." he whispered in her ear, drawing closer. She nodded and stood beside him. Christian nudged Edge with his elbow, and they both followed his gaze. A young boy, no more than 20 was seated across from another young man, slightly older. The youngest one produced a handful of bills, the denomination hidden by the folds. the other one smiled, and rose.

"Drugsâ€|" Christian whispered to Edge, who nodded his head.

They slunk into shadows as they were passed by their meals. Waiting briefly until they had gone through the doors, Edge stepped out first followed by Christian, and then Gabrielle. The three moved in perfect synchronicity, a perfect combination. When they were away from the crowds, Edge stealthily snuck up behind the younger, and dragged him quickly into a doorway, waiting for Christian to take the other. Gabrielle watched from the street as this happened, taking in their method. She moved to the doorway and watched as they fed, knowing Christian would share her meal. She watched him as he carefully pushed hair off the neck, and moved the head aside and quickly went for the throat. He drank extremely fast almost hating the pleasure of it. He motioned to Gabrielle, and without hesitation she bent her head to the wound, and drank fast as Christian had. She finished and brought her head up, only to discover that Edge had long ago finished and they both were waiting for her. She stood quietly watching as Edge and Christian dumped the bodies down a manhole.

"You ready to go?" Edge asked, cautiously, knowing how long the after-effects had lasted last time. Gabrielle stepped out of the shadows and stood between the brothers, then walked back towards the bikes, without a word

Edge and Christian sensed something that night that Gabrielle couldn't, but soon found out. When they rode back home, Gabrielle

clinging to Christian, a car was parked in the driveway. As she had reached for the doorknob, it was opened before her. There stood Gangrel. She didn't know what to do, how to react. The last time she had seen him, he was scolding her for not being careful. But the thoughts soon dissolved as she found herself in her makers arms. Gangrel released the embrace and looked at her. He could tell she had just fed. Glad she was making progress, he smiled.

"I see you're getting along well with the brothers?" he asked, taking her hand and leading her into the kitchen. She was about to answer when she saw two young men sitting at the table. At the sound of footfalls, they looked in her direction and stood up awkwardly. Gangrel laughed satisfactorily. She looked at him with confusion in her eyes.

"Gabrielle, I'd like you to meet Matt and Jeff. They're for you. Your new companions." She stared at Gangrel for a moment, then at the two at the table. They were not without their charm. They both had long hair, differing in colours, and one had his dark brown locks tied back. They looked vaguely alike. Probably bothers, she thought, when the full meaning of her makers words hit her.

"New companions?" she mouthed the words and turned to the doorway where Edge and Christian stood, glaring at the new companions.

"I don't need new companionsâ€|" she said, absently. Gangrel looked at her and then to edge and Christian.

"But Edge and Christian can't spend every waking moment with you, my child."

"Actually, between both of us, Gabrielle's barely been alone." Edge said, somewhat defiantly. "Its not a problemâ€|" he trailed off, seeing anger in Gangrel's eyes.

"You have no place, and no say in this, edge." Sensing Christian was about to speak, he addressed him. "And neither do you, little one." He said mockingly. "Gabrielle, you will take my gift. Its meant for you. They will be happy with you, and you will find happiness with them. I tried to get them here faster so you wouldn't grow attached to the brothers. I hope you haven't. these are much better." He said, moving towards Matt and Jeff who stood still at the table. She stared, a stupefied look at Gangrel.

"Grown attached?" she said, trying to stay calm.

"Yes, well, how much can happen in two nights. I guess I was right, you will like Matt and Jeff much better."

"I have more than grown attached, as you say. I have discovered more of myself in these nights than ever in my mortal life. If it wasn't for Edge and Christian, I wouldn't even be here! They have taught me so much in these past days then you could have. And why did you leave?" Christian winced in the background, knowing what was going to be said next. "Don't you even want to see your child, as you call me, grow? I didn't even know how to feed! You told me nothing. I had only movies and myths to let me know what I was. And you come here now, confident that I will find happiness with these two?" the faces remained emotionless as she gestured to Matt and Jeff.

"Gabrielle, stop." Edge grasped her shoulders from behind. "Just stop." He moved forward, and faced Gangrel. "We, the three of us are happy. She doesn't need those others. All she needs is Christian and I, and we need her. Its that simple. So you can take these," he said, pointed at the two young men, "And do what you will with them. We want no part of it. Let us go our separate ways, and keep your lackeys. We don't need them."

Gabrielle felt Christians hand close around hers. He was afraid of Gangrel's reaction, as was she. If Edge was afraid, he hid it well. Gangrel only stared at Edge for a moment, gestured for Matt and Jeff to follow him, and they left the house without a word, leaving the trio in the kitchen awe-struck. Edge was the first to move, sitting down at the table, followed by Gabrielle and Christian, still hand in hand.

"That went entirely too well." Edge muttered, shaking his head. Gabrielle looked at Christian, who was deep in thought.

"Do you think he'll come back?" she asked shyly. Edge shook his head.

"I don't know. I wish I knew, that would make everything a lot easier." He put his head in his hands. She looked down at the table, knowing full well that neither of them wanted to discuss this. At least not yet. Gabrielle felt Christian's hand slip out of hers, and he rose walking out of the kitchen and ascending the stairs. Edge still rested his head in his hands. His eyes were closed. She wondered if he was sleeping or just thinking. Gabrielle put her head on the table, and cradled it with her arms. She thought about what happened. If Gangrel was gone for good, she wasn't going to miss him. She had only known him for one night. But she had no idea how long edge and Christian had been with him, or what they thought of this. She didn't dare ask. The wounds were too fresh, as the saying went, if for that matter, there were wounds at all. She raised her head and looked at edge. He was breathing deeply, sleeping. She was worried about Christian, who had retreated upstairs wordlessly. Gabrielle wondered if he was alright. She rose quietly, not wanting to disturb Edge.

Christian's room was the first on Gabrielle's left. She paused in the doorway, holding her breath, trying to listen, but she couldn't hear a thing from his room. This didn't worry her. She knocked lightly on the door. There was nothing. She knocked louder. There came a muffled shout from within that she couldn't make out.

"Christianâ€¦|" she said lightly, slowly opening the door.

"Go away." She heard a strained voice say within. This worried her.

"Are you alright?" Gabrielle asked, pausing in the doorway. The room was dark and she couldn't see Christian.

"No. And go away." A voice replied brokenly from somewhere.

"If you're not alright, I'm not leaving. Where are you?" she walked further into the room to see him curled up on the bed, knees drawn up to his chest, hair completely obstructing a view of his face. She moved closer and knelt beside him, pushing his hair aside. His eyes

were red and his cheeks were wet, telltale signs that he had been crying.

"What's wrong?" his eyes were glazed over, focused on nothing. He was silent, then he shook his head violently, sending his hair falling back over the tear streaked face.

"He's never coming back, he's left for good. I'm without him." Christian said softly before his body was wracked with sobs. **Oh god, what do I do?**, Gabrielle thought. Christian was obviously talking about Gangrel. She took his hands in hers, and pressed them to her lips. She waited patiently until he stopped crying. He looked at her and sighed.

"You didn't know him like I did. You didn't know him at all. Neither did Edge. He was so much to me. He kept me sane." Christian sat up, resting his head against the head board of the bed. Gabrielle still knelt on the floor. He looked straight ahead. "He called me his little one. Now I'll never hear that again." There was an edge of fear in his voice. Gabrielle climbed onto the bed and sat across from him.

"Maybe. Maybe he'll come back." She tried her best to sound optimistic. It didn't work. He looked at her blankly. "Don't fool yourself. Did you see his eyes? We've lost him." Christian continued bitterly, "For all eternity. And Eternity is forever." He laughed quietly. "Those were the first words he spoke to Edge after he took me. .eternity is forever." He trailed off, and for the first time, really looked at Gabrielle. She leaned in.

"We can make a new eternity. Me, you and Edge. Ours. And it will last forever. I would never leave you, no matter what comes. This eternity IS forever." Christian just sighed.

"But I can't forget him."

"I don't expect you to. How could you forget him? But we'll start over together. A new eternity." She repeated. His eyes softened as he mouthed the words. He smiled at her, and she threw her arms around him. Christian held Gabrielle close, then lowered so they lay on the bed.

"What the hell would I have done without you.." he whispered softly in her ear. She sighed and placed her head on his chest, throwing her arms around his neck.

"You'd still be crying." He laughed and closed his eyes. She looked up at him and smiled. His breath deepened as he fell into sleep. She didn't want to move, fearful of him waking, so she buried her head in his chest, and slept too, dreaming of their eternity.

Edge snapped his head up from the table and stared into the face of one of the young men who had been with Gangrel.

"Which one are you?" he asked, bitterly.

"Jeff. I didn't want to stay, so I left. My brother stayed though."

"So what makes you think you can stay here?" Edge stood up, pushing

the chair violently. Jeff lowered his eyes.

"I don't have anywhere else to go.." he said, quietly, with a slight drawl. Edge laughed with spite.

"And you decide to stay here, to disturb the family you already tried to break up? Is that what you intended?" his voice quivered with rage, and he stopped long enough for Jeff to attempt to talk.

"I just need somewhere to - "

"Not here. Listen to me. Leave right now. I don't want Christian or Gabrielle seeing you. It'll just upset them."

"So I'll just leave and go where?" Jeff almost whispered, staying perfectly still, eyes fixed straight ahead.

"Don't you get it? I don't care about you. I don't care where you decide to go, but I don't want you here." Edge gritted his teeth to keep from screaming.

"I promise I won't - "

"Shut up and get out before I have to remove you with force."

"Well fuck you too. " Jeff said, still quietly, as he rose and walked a few steps, before collapsing in a heap on the floor, just outside the kitchen entrance. Edge wasn't sure what to do. Slowly and cautiously, he walked over to where Jeff had collapsed and noticed a small trail of blood running from his neck.

Edge was suddenly struck by the paleness of Jeff's skin. He hadn't left Gangrel, he had escaped and barely. Edge could only guess that Gangrel had killed Jeff's brother, and almost killed Jeff.

Debating whether to save him, or let him die, Edge slung Jeff over his shoulder, and walked into the living room, dumping Jeff on the couch. He wasn't getting any of Edge's blood, that was a given. The only thing Edge could think of doing was using whatever was left over in the basement's supply of blood, a supply rarely touched, save for emergencies. This was one.

A few minutes later, with a cup of fairly cold blood, Edge returned to the living room, and stared at Jeff, still passed out near death on the couch. Gently, he sat Jeff up, and tried to feed him. Soon as the blood entered his senses, Jeff awoke and grabbed the cup, greedily drinking it all, then stared hungrily at Edge.

Awaking from a dreamless sleep, Christian opened his eyes, and tried to figure out why and what had woken him up. Then he caught its scent. Blood. The faintest smell, two scents mingling - no, three. Edge's, and two unknown parties, one faintly having the scent of his maker. Not wanting to wake Gabrielle, he shifted slightly trying to wordlessly call out to his brother. At once, Christian saw the image of one of Gangrel's two feeding on Edge, without Edge's consent. Carefully pushing Gabrielle off his chest, he tried to sneak out of the room, and was almost met with success.

"Edge is in trouble with one of Gangrel's boys, isn't he?" Gabrielle's voice rang out through the silence, and was met with

brief silence.

"Yes. I was just going." Gabrielle started to get up. "No, stay here, at least until I know for sure what's going on, okay? Don't leave this room." He said, somewhat sternly, making sure she didn't move. He did know that once he left the room, she would peek over the banister in the hall. As long as she was safe that was important, he told himself, running down the stairs and into the living room. He saw Jeff's eyes, almost pure white, staring straight at him, teeth sunk into Edge's neck. Christian hesitated a moment, before moving forward to break Jeff's embrace on Edge. Christian grabbed hold of Jeff and threw him aside, at the same time sending Edge crashing to the table, collapsing it, and Jeff flying to the couch. Jeff righted himself and bared his fangs towards Christian, who did the same for a moment before bending down to check his brother.

"What happened?" Christian asked picked flecks of wood out of Edge's hair.

"That fuck collapsed, so I decided to save his life, and he attacked me, the ungrateful bastard."

"He's one of Gangrel's.." Christian said, helping his brother up, then moving to sit beside Jeff on the couch, who was seated quietly.

"Why did you come here and attack my brother?" Christian demanded.

"I - I came here because you're the only other vampires I know. Gangrel was mad after we left, and he killed my brother," Jeff closed his eyes, face washing over with pain at the memory. "He tried to kill me, but I ran away and came here because I thought you might help me, or protect me—I'm really sorry about attacking your brother. Gangrel only let us feed once, and I was almost going mad with hunger. I just need somewhere to stay. I don't want to impose on your family, or whatever it is you call it. If you don't want me here, I can go." Christian started to say something, but Edge cut him off.

"Wow, dÃ©jÃ vu. I've heard this before. Why should I let you stay here? Good think you don't know how to feed properly, or I'd be in the state you were before. I don't want you here. " With that, Edge stalked out of the room, past Gabrielle, who was standing in the doorway. Christian was deep in thought.

"Look, Edge doesn't like you, that obvious. It does take a lot to get on his good side. But if you stay out of his way, and promise no more outbursts, I think you can stay." Jeff looked up, thankfulness in his eyes.

"You have no idea how much this means to me. I'm so grateful. I won't bother you at all. But—is there somewhere besides a couch where I can rest?"

"Go upstairs, to the first room on the right. You can have that one. Its just become vacant.." Jeff smiled as he rose, walked to Gabrielle, stopping briefly in front of her, then continued on his way upstairs. Gabrielle went to stand by Christian.

"You gave him Gangrel's old room?" Gabrielle said, a hint of surprise in her voice.

"Well, he won't be using it. But Edge isn't gonna be happy about him staying." Christian smirked, "But is he ever happy?" Gabrielle smiled and watched Christian curl up on the couch, once again sleeping. She decided to go upstairs and survey their new addition.

"Jeff? You in here?" Gabrielle called to their newest 'member', intending to talk to him about what had happened. He was sitting on the bed in the room that used to be Gangrel's. He turned his head, looked at her, then rose.

"This room used to be Gangrel's. His scent is still here." Jeff sighed. "What do you want?"

"Just to talk. We don't have to, but I just thought it would be nice to know some stuff about you."

"Oh. Okay. Well, uh, sit down then." Jeff sat back down on the bed and she sat next to him. He never made eye contact with Gabrielle. "What do you want to know?"

"Well, I guess, how did Gangrel turn you into a vampire? I mean, if you want to tell me." He paused, looking down at the floor, thinking.

"First, can you tell me how Gangrel made you? I just don't know what words to use or how to say what I want to say." She smiled, and nodded.

"Well, I don't really remember much, and all I know is from what Edge has told me." Gabrielle took a deep breath, ready to tell her tale. "I was living at home, going to school, just normal teenage stuff. Edge tells me he had been watching me, everything I did, for a long time, and he knew something was different about me, that I was supposed to be with them. I don't remember ever seeing him, but he came into my room one night, and tried to make me a vampire. He says he drank my blood, and tried to give it back to me, but I refused it. So he brought me here, and Gangrel made me. That's pretty much all there is to know. That was three nights ago."

"How old were you?" he was still gazing at the floor.

"Sixteen. Edge says he thought I was older though."

"So you didn't know him before? Did you know any vampires before?"

"Nope. Didn't know Edge, Christian, or Gangrel before. Wasn't even sure what I thought of vampires. I never wrote them off as fiction, and I always held on to some romanticised notion of one sweeping me off my feet in the middle of the night." Jeff laughed softly, and so did she. "It actually happened though. Hope for all morbidly obsessed teenage girls, I suppose." She turned and looked at him. "What about you?"

"I always loved the idea of vampires, and being one, kinda like you, I guess. I was always going to vampire clubs, and such, just hoping to maybe meet someone who was real, you know? I never met anyone for

a long time. But then, on the news there were all these reports about people having their blood drained, and for some disgusting reason, that gave me hope. If I just found this vampire, then I could learn about him. Gangrel found me. And my brother. It happened really fast. He just broke into our house, and made me watch when he took my brother." Jeff shook his head. "I've seen Matt die twice now." Visibly shaken, he ceased talking and they both sat in silence for a very long time. Gabrielle decided to ask something else.

"You said Gangrel had only let you feed once, right? Why didn't he let you?"

"He said if we fed too much, we'd be weakened. I never understood. He fed every night, and the only time he ever let us feed was the first night, on him. Night after night I'd wake up insanely hungry, and he never let me go out."

"How long were you with him for? I only knew him for one night, which explains my detachment." Jeff paused again to think.

"Two weeks, I guess. After a while, days started to mesh into nights and it became hard to tell. But I think it was two weeks."

"And he never taught you to feed at all?" Jeff shook his head. "That's insane. How are you going to survive?" He lowered his head deep in thought once again, and finally made eye contact with Gabrielle.

"Can you teach me?" the sheer innocence of his voice at this request startled Gabrielle. She barely had to think about it.

"Of course I will. I'd hate to see anyone die. But it's almost daylight, and we can only feed at night. Tomorrow, I'll take you out though, and you'll learn." She laughed under her breath. "Imagine me teaching someone older than myself."

"Thank you." Was all he said, quietly, before she left to go to her own room.

She walked down the hall, past her own room and came upon Edge's. Not sure whether or not to enter, she stood outside, eyes closed. He had been mad last she saw. But he slipped in and out of bouts of rage constantly, from what she had been able to observe thus far. The door opened, making Gabrielle jump and lose her train of thought. Edge stood in front of her.

"I could feel you standing there, and I heard your conversation." She looked at him then shifted her gaze, feeling guilty for some reason. Edge turned and entered the room, leaving the door open as if it was an invitation. Gabrielle waited a moment before entering behind him. Edge seated himself at one of the chairs beside the window, resting a leg on the small table. She took the seat across from him.

"Look, Jeff needs someone to help him. I know you won't do it, and I don't want to burden Christian." He looked at her darkly.

"Jeff shouldn't even be here. And what can you help him with? You're not even a week old."

"I can at least take him to the club and - "

"And what? Get him staked by a hunter too? It may not kill but it leaves scars. Ask Christian about that one, and he'll be happy to show you." An awkward silence settled for a moment before Edge continued, "Gabrielle, I don't want Jeff here because I don't trust him. Even if Gangrel did kill his brother, how do we know what else went down? He could just be here under Gangrel's influence."

"He's not. He told me everything that happened and it was - "

"It wasn't the truth. I heard him, Gabrielle. He told you nothing. How do you know it's the truth?"

"How do you know it's a lie?" she snapped back.

"If it is the truth, all the more reason for Gangrel to come back here. If he killed one of his children and tried to kill the one we now house, then why would he hesitate to come and kill Christian, or you, or I? It's too risky. It doesn't make sense."

"Risky?" she almost laughed. "You want to talk about risk, do you? How about taking a girl away from her life, her home, everything, and - " he screamed in rage, abruptly silencing her.

"Don't you dare blame me for that, or change the subject to something soâ€¦it has nothing to do with this." He screamed at her. "And I had to do it! I couldn't see you everyday doing something I knew you weren't meant for. Your life, mortality, it wasn't right!"

"How can you say that?" she hissed, "DO you really know that?"

"Yes! Yes, I do Gabrielle, and don't ask me how, because I don't know that. It was just something I knew! Something that can't be explained my words and I'm not going to waste my time trying. Believe me or not, but I know its true." He turned away from her, and rested his head on the cool glass of the window that overlooked everything. Another rift of silence between the two. Neither had any bearing of the time that passed; simply remaining in silent argument locked in wordless combat. It was broken finally by Edge who turned around wearily to address Gabrielle.

"All I want right now, is for you to leave Jeff alone until he can prove what happened. I just don't trust him." Gabrielle still sat silently, consumed with thought.

"I can't." She heard a sharp intake of breath from Edge.

"You don't owe it to him, you don't owe anyone. You can't teach him, Gabrielle. You've yet to bite flesh yourself." He sighed and crouched beside the chair where she sat. "If it means so much, then I'll take him out, and teach him what to do." She turned her head and looked at him. Sincerity in his eyes. But she couldn't accept.

"I need to do this. I need to do things for myself. Just let me go along with it, can you? What will happen? If there are hunters, we can fight them off. Please, just let me have this." She pleaded with him, but his eyes grew cold.

"So many things can go wrong Gabrielle. You have no idea do you? Just because we're vampires doesn't mean we have our own little safe

world. If you take him out, I won't be part of it, and I will not be held responsible for what happens." He reached out and took her hand. "Don't do this. You don't knowâ€¦".

"Don't know what?"

"I can't say itâ€¦something ingrained deep somewhere, that I shouldn't let you go. I should never let you leave. But you'll defy, and there's no point in trying." She snatched her hand from his grasp.

"Stop doing this. Stop making me feel guilty for doing nothing. I don't know if I should believe a word you're saying or not. I am going to take Jeff out tomorrow. Nothing - no one - is going to change that. I want to help him. He needs help. Let me do this, just one thing on my own." He rose and walked to the glass again. She could barely make out a muffled 'No'. Gabrielle walked over to where he stood and touched his shoulder. Edge spun around, and she was struck by such an intense look of rage, that he didn't even look the same.

"Get out." The words dripped with an eminent threat. Looking at him once more, she bolted from the room, into her own, trying without success to tune out the sounds of things being destroyed and screaming from the adjacent room.

Christian was startled awake by the sounds of banging coming from directly over his head. After throwing away the first thought he had of the ceiling falling down, he sat up. Right above was Edge's room. Gabrielle had gone up there. So had Jeff. And now Edge was throwing things around, which he hadn't done since Gangrel told him he couldn't have Gabrielle. After struggling with different solutions, Christian decided to find out what the root of his rage was, if there was one. The pounding started to subside as Christian climbed the stairs, and he thought for a moment that Edge had either fallen out of the fit, or ran out of things to smash. Stopping near the top of the staircase he heard the unmistakable split and crack of wood, and saw splinters fly out of Edge's doorway, followed by the loud bang of something hitting the floor.

"oh fuck." Christian said, under his breath, running to the cause of the problem. He discovered the door to Edge's room in two pieces on the floor at doorframe, Edge standing behind it, breathing heavily. Christian cocked his head looking at his brother, who simply stood there, shoulders heaving. He didn't even know Christian was standing there. No thoughts passed through his head, as far as Christian could tell. Just rage, blind rage.

"Edgeâ€¦" Christian said calmly, seeing no reaction from the man he addressed. "Edge, what happened?" He moved closer to Edge, stepping over the door, moving slowly, still wary of his brother. He was still going unnoticed. A quick mental scan revealed no one in Edge's room, and Christian was confident that Jeff and Gabrielle were safe in their respective rooms. Christian put a hand lightly on Edge's arm. This movement at least brought Edge out of his unknowing state. He looked around and let out a strangled gasp, turning his head and looking questioningly at Christian.

"Edge, what made you do this?" Christian watched as Edge walked unsteadily to the bed and sat down, resting his head against one of

its posts.

"Gabrielleâ€|oh god, she's not in here, is she?" he looked frantically around the room until hearing Christian's somewhat reassuring voice.

"no, Edge, she's not. Is this about her?" he moved closer to stand in front of Edge.

"Yesâ€|" he groaned, "yes, it is."

"Do you want to tell me, or not?" Christian asked, softly as he always was when dealing with his brother.

"I don't know. I - shit, I don't know." Edge threw himself back on the bed. Christian sighed.

"Can I go talk to Gabrielle about it then? If she wants to, that is."

"Yea, I don't care. Just leave me for a little while." Without another word, Christian was off to Gabrielle's room.

He knocked lightly, before the door opened, and Gabrielle stood, biting her lip with a look of fear and worry in her eyes. She sighed with relief seeing it was Christian, and she pulled him into the room, then fell into his arms. He stood still for a second before embracing her as well. He smoothed her hair back, and pulled away. She sighed again, and moved slowly away from Christian, looking out the window. The sun was rising. She slammed her fist against the window and spun around closing the heavy curtains. Christian saw tears in her eyes. He walked near her, and she closed her eyes, turning away.

"This is the first time the sun has risen without me in Edge's armsâ€|" Gabrielle said softly, almost bitterly. Christian stood behind her, arms encircling her waist. He felt her become rigid beneath his touch, and pull away. She turned around and looked at him briefly, an odd look of confusion in her eyes.

"Gabrielle? What's wrong?" she shook her head, and let the dark hair fall over her face. "Don't do this. Don't tune me out." He placed a hand under her chin, tilting her head up, and causing the hair to fall away. "I won't let you." He smiled, and seeing no change in her, grabbed her arms and led her to the bed.

"Talk to me. Tell me what happened between you and Edge." He said softly, taking one hand in his.

"Its my fault. Its what I said." Gabrielle replied brokenly. She gazed at Christian. "I love him Christian. I fucked it up. But he kept saying thatâ€|that I shouldn't leave, and I can't help Jeff andâ€|."

"You're going to help Jeff? With what?" he asked, but seeing the look on her face, a look that said don't start, he stopped. "Sorry. Go on."

"I'm going to teach Jeff how to feed and hunt tomorrow, but Edge kept saying that I didn't know how, and I was too young, and he didn't

trust Jeff, and all this shitâ€¦I stop believing him. Everything he said smacked of jealousy andâ€¦I don't knowâ€¦" she sighed in desperation, looking down, and smoothing the fabric of her shirt.

"It was about Jeff? You shouldn't have said anything - "

"He started it!"

"Don't be a child. It doesn't matter who started it, as long as it gets resolved." Christian said, sternly. "Are you going to sleep at all, or just stay up and brood all day?"

"Both." She said, somewhat stubbornly. He shook his head.

"When he calms down, go talk to him. Forget about this shit with Jeff. You and Edge belong with each other."

"But what do I do about Jeff? I said I'd take him out and - "

"I'll do it." He offered. She raised her eyebrows, and he laughed softly. "Yea, I will. Don't worry about it."

"Butâ€¦no, I don't want you to. I got myself into this and I need to help himâ€¦I promised." He kissed her hand.

"Admirable trait, Gabrielle, but you need to fix things up with Edge. And get some sleep, okay?" she nodded as he slid off the bed, and without bothering to change, she shifted, got comfortable underneath cold satin, and watched as Christian stood over her.

"Don't leave meâ€¦" she whispered.

"What?"

"just don't." Christian sighed, lowering himself down to lay beside her, vowing silently one day to figure out what was behind her fear of abandonment. But all thoughts of psychoanalysis were lost as he gathered her close, realising he was more tired than he had thought.

They were in a garden, overlooking the sea. Herbs grew along a little path, and flowers side by side in fragrant bloom also led the way. Robes sweeping around her feet, she gazed up into swirling bluish grey eyes, that reciprocated her warmth. Robes of white draped his body, brushing softly against the well worn path they followed. Arcane symbols were sewn into the sleeves, glittering almost eerily in silver. Despite the hood, she saw blonde curls spilling out, shining with the moon. Hands reached forward and pulled her own hood back. Shaking her head, strands of gold flecked brown hair fell from the leather strip that tied it out of her face. His hands once again reached for her face tucking the few loose hairs behind her ears. His eyes seemed to shift, swirling even more, almost dizzying her, until she closed her own. A hand closed over hers, pulling her, leading her towards the sea. She could smell the pure salt and feel the wind blow on her face, chilling her. Opening her eyes, she stood on the cliff. Their hands were still entwined. Footsteps fell behind her, barely head over the sea's roar. She felt a hot breath sear her neck. Spinning around, she lost her footing. Almost floating, everything stilling, she felt the hand released from hers. Looking up, the last

thing she saw was two pairs of swirling blue grey eyes, before drifting into oblivion.

Raking his hair nervously, Jeff stood outside Gabrielle's door. He was aware of Edge's eyes on his back, but ignored him. If Edge wasn't going to say anything, neither was Jeff. Sighing lightly, without knocking he opened the door. Without thinking, he walked over to the bed. He needed to go out and feed. He was beyond hungry and his requirement overrode all slightly rational thoughts. Seeing Gabrielle lying with Christian didn't mean anything to him. Jeff just stood over the pair, until Christian woke with a start. Blinking sleep away, Christian made out the figure of Jeff looming over them.

"Shitâ€¦what do you want?" Christian asked, somewhat annoyed.

"I need to talk to Gabrielle." Jeff said, flatly.

"Well, she's sleeping." He said, looking down at the figure stirring in his arms. "Or she was." Gabrielle opened her eyes slowly and looked up at Christian, then at Jeff, and back to Christian, gazing questioningly at him.

"Jeff? Christian, what's Jeff doing in here?" she asked, sleepily. Christian thought for a moment before speaking.

"I think he's hungry. He wants you to take him out." He remarked as the both sat up. Jeff shifted his weight impatiently, eyes revealing the truth to Christian's words. Gabrielle looked to Christian and raised her eyebrows. He sighed, realising that he would have to tell Jeff the change in plans.

"Jeff, I'm taking you out. Gabrielle has neither the experience, nor the patience to teach you. Its not fair for her to make up for the faults ofâ€¦.well, of your maker." Jeff blinked, then nodded.

"Yea, that's alright. I did feel bad after."

"But I'm still coming!" Gabrielle said as enthusiastically as she could. Christian looked at her sternly. "I know, I know, if everything's okay with Edge." She turned to Jeff again. "Was he in his room?" Jeff shuddered.

"I could fell him staring at me. Burning a hole in me. He scares me." At this, Gabrielle and Christian exchanged amused glances.

"He does that to people." Christian remarked, still looking at Gabrielle. Jeff was obviously restless. He couldn't stand still at all.

"But, uh, when are you going to make sure everything's okay with edge? I really need to get goingâ€¦We need to get going."

"Gabrielle, go find Edge and work your magic." She glared at Christian, then left the room. "As soon as I'm ready, we'll go. If she's not, then she won't come. Go downstairs and wait, or something." Jeff left the room as well, leaving Christian alone in Gabrielle's room, contemplating what he was going to do with two young vampires over the course of what would be a very long

night.

Gabrielle stepped out of her room, vaguely hearing the remnants of a conversation behind her, and looked at the doorway. The broken door still hadn't been moved, or even attempted to be moved. From where she stood, she could see, even in the dark, Edge sitting on the very end of his bed, staring at her. She knew how Jeff felt to have those eyes upon her, tearing through her. Closing her eyes and breathing deeply, she took the first steps over the pieces of the door and into his room. Edge still stared, the outline of his shoulders rising and falling was extraordinarily eerie, and she for a moment, contemplated turning around. Gathering herself again, Gabrielle continued forward. The silence for both of them was deafening. She just stood in front of him, and he kept staring, seemingly unblinking. She opened her mouth to say something, but she faltered. The words were there, they just wouldn't come. Edge made no attempts at breaking the silence. Unable to speak, she just sat beside him, staring down at her hands. Out of the corner of her eyes, she noticed his head turn. Staring at her again. Still not knowing what to do, but knowing she couldn't take the miserable silence, she spoke.

"I love you." Gabrielle said, almost inaudible. She looked up, and for the first time noticed that he had been crying. Biting her lip in a useless attempt to hold back her own tears, she heard him sigh, almost with relief.

"Words aren't enoughâ€|" he choked out, remaining still. She cocked her head, and still looked at him. "I can't even begin to say a single thing I want to. It doesn't seem enough, it's not right. I â€" I can'tâ€|" he looked intently at her, then away towards the window.

"Edgeâ€|you don't need to. I understandâ€|" Gabrielle said somewhat brokenly.

"Noâ€|you can't."

"But I do, Edge. I know what you feel, that it goes deeper than words, and mortalityâ€|"

"That's not itâ€|no matter how much I think about it, I can't think of a single thing to say."

"I just want to go on. To forget about the pettiness of the argument, and go on with us. We have to." Edge turned his face to hers and remained stoic.

"But we'll always have stupid arguments."

"I know. What's love without hate? We need balance, or it doesn't work."

"Well I don't like the hate part. There was already enough hate in me. I don't need to hate you. I knew I made a mistake right away last nightâ€|" before he could go on, Gabrielle stopped him.

"Forget about it. I'm forgetting about it, and so should you. Forget about everything I said, because it was the heat of the moment and I was out for blood."

"Speaking of, I gotta go. You coming?" he said, finally smiling and rising from the bed, taking her hands and pulling her up.

"Well, I was going with Christian andâ€¦" she stopped before causing another fight. "but you can come with. I'm sure it won't be minded."

"Nah, you two gotta have your fun. I'll go somewhere else. Don't worry." Without another word, he left. Gabrielle knew in her heart that nothing had been resolved. He was still mad, and she had no idea where to go from here.

Edge stepped out of the room, and faced Christian. Glancing at him for a second, he said nothing and went down the stairs. All Christian could sense from Edge was a haze. A haze in his mind covering all emotions, and Christian wanted to go no further. The door slammed shut downstairs, and Edge was gone.

Christian walked down the stairs following the departure of Edge from the house, and saw Jeff balanced on the banister, overlooking the entrance.

"Are we going now?" Jeff asked impatiently, not even turning to see Christian.

"As soon as Gabrielle comes down, " he answered, descending the stairs, "Then we go." Christian looked up at him from below. "I trust you're ready?" Jeff nodded, and Christian moved to sit on the bottom step, awaiting Gabrielle, who arrived out of Edge's room minutes later. She walked down the stairs as Jeff jumped off the banister. They walked downstairs in unison, and Gabrielle sat down next to Christian on the last step. He looked at her, and saw the worry in her eyes.

"What happened? Did everything go well?"

"Yes, and no. Edge is pretending he's not angry anymore, but I know he still is. And now he's gone, so I can't even attempt to talk to him anymore." She stopped abruptly, hearing her voice start to quiver. Christian put his arm around her shoulders.

"You two are meant to be. Don't worry." Noticing Jeff hovering over them, he addressed the issue of the outing. "Well, seeing as Edge is gone anyway, are you still coming?" Gabrielle was silent, then nodded. Christian frowned in worry. "Are you sure? You don't have to if - "

"No. I'm coming. No use sitting around doing nothing. We going now?"

"Gabrielle, you haven't changed or anythingâ€¦"

"I don't give a fuck. Let's just go already. Okay?" Christian glanced oddly at her, then shrugged, and opened the front door. Jeff left first, standing on the stairs outside waiting for Christian and Gabrielle to join him.

"Jeff, we got an extra bike that you're gonna have to take out. Have you ever ridden before?" Jeff grinned widely.

"Sure have. Its no problem."

"greatâ€|" Christian noticed Gabrielle was staring at the sky, which was growing pale with dusk. He stood behind her and frowned.

"Gabrielle, are you okay?" she snapped her head around.

"Yea, why would you think otherwise?" she retorted, somewhat bitterly.

"Stop this. I didn't do anything, and don't say nothing is wrong, when we both know there is." She pushed past him, and sat on the back of his bike.

"Let's just get going already. I don't wanna talk about it." Christian threw his hands up, and sat in front of her. Jeff impatiently revved the bike, and Christian started his, speeding out of the driveway, Gabrielle clinging to him, and Jeff following behind. Christian knew Gabrielle was sobbing lightly behind him, and he just let her cry.

Arriving at the club, Christian caught a faint glimpse of Edge, and decided to take them elsewhere.

"Edge is in there, isn't he?" Gabrielle asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes, which is exactly why we're not going to intrude on his territory. I'll take you to the Cathedral. All the gothic vampire wannabes you could ever ask for." He forced a smile before leading them to a side door, across from the Almanac. Upon entering, Gabrielle was struck with bright red lights, beaming down on a black room. Bodies encased in black clothing with chalk white skin blended together in a sea of clones. The three of them fit in with the crowd, and dissolved into it, moving towards the bar. Everyone looked the same, which was odd for a group that wanted to be drastically different. Gabrielle took to a stool, with Jeff and Christian on either side, almost as guards. Christian leaned against the bar, looking in the crowd for someone whom Jeff could get his start with. Most of the people in the room were in their early twenties, and probably harbouring some romantic illusion about vampires. It was almost too easy, but Christian liked it better that way. He leaned over to yell over the noise.

"Jeff? That girl over there." He pointed and Jeff looked. She was no more than 22, with extremely short blonde hair, and even from a distance, shockingly pale blue eyes. "She'll be yours by the end of the night. I know you want to feed now, but wait until she leaves. Never do it inside. Its too easy to trace that way. And we'll share." Christian looked at Gabrielle, who had remained silent. "You going to try it yourself tonight?" she shook her head.

"I don't think I need to feed right now. I'll be okay until tomorrow."

"Alrightâ€|" He said, frowning, then looking back at their girl of the night. She was starting out the front door. "Jeff, this way." Christian gestured to the side door, then looked back at Gabrielle.

"I'll be fine here, don't worry." She said, waving them off.

Christian reluctantly went, catching up with Jeff, who was already halfway towards the door. Her gaze drifted over the mass of black and white, marred only with streaks of red on lips, or the occasional bright head of hair. Gabrielle felt suddenly ordinary and out of place amongst these people. Her thoughts were stirred by a shockingly familiar voice in front of her.

"Don't you hate being left alone, my child?"

Christian felt a silent scream as Jeff finished the girl off. Then he heard another scream. It was hard to make out. He tried to calm the stirrings from the new blood and focus on the voice. Jeff stood against the wall, hands clutching his head. He could hear it too. There suddenly came one defining word.

"Gangrel.." the voice trailed off, and Christian looked at Jeff who stared back, confusion surfacing. The voice had whispered their maker's name in awe, and it took Christian a minute to place it. Once he knew it was Gabrielle's silent plea, Christian ran back into the club, Jeff following closely behind. She was gone. The bar stool she sat at was empty, and there was no trace of her around. Christian couldn't even feel her anywhere near. But he caught the scent of his maker.

Edge heard it too. The scream registered immediately as Gabrielle's, and the name spoken infuriated him. He had no idea they had been in the club next door. Worst of all, he didn't know what was happening when he stepped out into the alley and was hit from behind.

"Don't bother trying to help. There's no use." Gangrel threw the pipe aside, and twisted Gabrielle's arm, dragging her down the alley to the waiting car. He had silenced her, and infiltrated her mind. She never knew her maker could do that, but he just did. Gabrielle couldn't scream, or even contact others with her mind. She could think to herself, and that was it. And it was driving her crazy. She couldn't ask Gangrel what he was doing, why he was doing it, or where they were going. He knew she wanted to ask these questions, and kept as silent as possible on purpose. He didn't want her to know more than she had to. Gangrel pushed her into the back of the car, and slammed the door. Faintly, she thought she saw Jeff and Christian running out of the other alley, but they couldn't sense her. They would never know she was there as long as Gangrel had taken her mind over. Gabrielle knew no ways to get him out, no ways to attract attention to the black car, now driving away.

Edge drew himself up off the ground, wondering what had happened. There was a lead pipe sitting next to him. It smelled of Gangrel. Rubbing the back of his head, he wondered what was going on. Then he made the connection, and was on his feet in a second. Gangrel had Gabrielle, he was certain. Standing across the street from him were Jeff and Christian, obstructed for a second by the moving of a black car. He felt a twinge in his mind as the car drove off, something leaving, withdrawing. Edge felt something leave his conscience. Walking towards his brother, he felt empty. His love was gone.

"She's gone." Were the only words Edge could utter, standing in front of Jeff and his brother.

"I can't feel her either, but it doesn't mean she's dead-"

"No. But she's lost to us."

Stopping her struggle and deeming it useless, Gabrielle had fallen into an uneventful sleep, never feeling the bumps of the road under the car and waking only once they had stopped moving. Gangrel had stopped the car. In pure darkness, with her senses robbed from her, she couldn't tell where she was.

"Interesting dream you've been having." Gangrel remarked, opening the door to the car and pulling her out. Gabrielle made no attempts to run away, because there was simply no point. He knew what she was thinking, every thought at every second. Opening her mouth, she was thankful he had at least given her back the gift of vocalisation.

"It's the same one I've been having for as long as I can remember." She said quietly as he pushed her towards the small house, seemingly just outside the city.

"It's all about the brothers, you know. And it's the root of your greatest fear."

"Which is?" she asked flatly.

"Abandonment." He said sharply, forcing her up the stone steps and into a darkened hallway. This house was much smaller than the house in the city.

"Yes, this is indeed where I have been reduced to living. Jeff and his brother know it well, and somewhere in his mind, Christian remembers it. Edge found him here, and now I get to share it with you." Gabrielle looked up at him, trying not to let fear seep into her brain. "Oh, I expect you to be scared, my child. It's only natural." He continued moving her and she had no choice but to descend the stairs, or be pushed. Complete darkness obscured her sight, and she silently wished Gangrel would let her have her vampiric gift of sight back.

"Of course, my child." He whispered behind her. A light seemed to flare before her eyes, and she could see. The basement was empty. No life, not even rats or other vermin crawled on its dirt floor. There were no chairs, nothing to rest on, and the bricks of the wall had long ago been scorched black with fire. She spun around to see the door close at the top of the steps. Gangrel had left her down there. She was alone. For the first time in her life, she was utterly, totally alone. Gabrielle's greatest fear came true. Curling under the stairs, the only place in the basement with an inkling of shelter, and let darkness wash over her, hoping for someone, anyone to come because it was true. She couldn't stand being alone and it was killing her.

Gabrielle has the dream again, as darkness overtook her. But it was, for the first time ever, changed. She was alone. Instead of falling into nothingness, she felt her body smash into the rocks below, rendering limbs useless. Opening her eyes, it was revealed she was still in the basement, the face of Gangrel looming over her. He laughed under his breath.

"So lost mental connections alter the dream, I see. Interesting,

isn't it?" she sat up and scooted back against the wall, glaring at him. His presence was still in her mind.

"You? You changed it?" she accused. He laughed again.

"No, my child. I had nothing to do with it. I was just a silent witness. I wonder if the brothers dreams are changed?" he said thoughtfully before extending a hand to help her up. Gabrielle turned her head away in refusal as he did so.

"Co-operating with me is the only way you're going to get out of here. So I suggest you do it. You don't want to be locked up in this basement, denied of blood, as Jeff had been, do you?" without waiting for an answer, he blocked off her sense of sight again. She went rigid against the wall.

"What do you want with me? Can you tell me that much?" Gabrielle asked desperately.

"You'll find out. You'll get your sight back if you do as I say. Care to co-operate?" Gangrel asked in a parental tone. She sighed deeply.

"yes. As long as I don't have to hurt those I love. " she mumbled a reply, then her voice became sharp. "and as long as you let me go back with them." Her sight came back at that moment, everything flaring red for a second, before settling into the darkness of the basement. Gangrel was seated in front of her.

"Don't worry. You won't have to hurt anyone, and I won't hurt you, either. When its all over, you'll be returned to whoever's left, providing they still want you."

The empty feeling still hadn't gone away. The three had gone back to the house and bleakly spoke of possible plans. It was impossible to outsmart their maker. He had erased all trails of himself and Gabrielle. Edge and Jeff were silent towards one another, still bitter, with Christian now being the only force that kept them from tearing each others limbs off. With no successful theories, Jeff retreated upstairs, thoroughly worn out. Edge and Christian sat in the kitchen as they had done so many times before.

"How can she sleep alone?" Edge remarked brokenly. Christian shook his head, and tried to stop himself from thinking of all the things Gangrel could be doing to her.

Gabrielle thought he would have attacked, raped, even killed for the sins that were not her own, but it was not the case. Gangrel had given her all senses back, but she still couldn't communicate with the brothers. He had given Gabrielle a small room, overlooking the back garden. She could tell immediately that it had once been Christian's. It felt like him, and the room comforted her. She was still alone as she heard the car speed off outside. She was empty. Gangrel had left her with a clear warning not to leave, and his words stuck in her head. With nothing else to do, she looked around the room. A plain old style bed with four posts adorned the middle of the room. It looked much like Christian's room at the other house. A chest of drawers was pushed against the far wall. A chair was placed next to the window, covered by a thin sheet of dust. There was no other furniture in the room. Either Christian was a minimalist, or

Gangrel never allowed him to have furniture. The bed was covered with rumpled silk sheets, left in a mess since the last time someone had been there. She drew them back, and was startled to see a piece of paper, crushed into a little ball, sitting under the covers. Without thinking, she unfolded it, and began to read. She saw the spidery signature of Gangrel. Forgetting for a moment that he could read her thoughts, she looked at the rest of the letter. It was addressed to Christian. Reading slowly, her eyes danced over the words once, then again.

"I cannot compete with her anymore. She haunts your dreams, and she haunts Edge's life, where I once roamed. You pine for her and you do not know her. Your brother knows. Find her and end this. Be with her."

The long thin letters seemed to move about the page, or it was Gabrielle's head spinning. Questions sifted through her mind faster than she could recognise them. Was it her Christian pined for? When was this written? Had Gangrel known all along? In her head, she heard a hash laughter, and then there was nothing. No sight, no sound, nothing. It was a cross between a restless sleep and oblivion, but Gabrielle was awake. It was Gangrel's hell, to punish Gabrielle. She had taken his little one away.

Christian awoke with a start, his skin covered in a film of cold sweat. His dreams had been haunted with Gabrielle's tortured cries of loneliness, Edge's pleas for help, and Gangrel's ever-present threats. Walking over to his window and glancing at the sky, he had only been asleep for half an hour. But the dream seemed to have lasted for an eternity. It was the past mingled with the present, maybe the future. Christian heard a noise behind him, the door opening. He turned, half expecting to see Gabrielle standing before him in the doorway. It was Jeff.

"I know where he took her."

"I kept having a dream about when Gangrel first took me and my brother." Jeff told the brothers, in his usual soft tone. They had gathered once again in the kitchen. Edge had still kept silent towards Jeff, but he was at least listening. "It was after he made us vampires. I remember being in a car going down a road with a lot of bumps, because it made me feel sick. And there was a long driveway. I think it was a - "

"A farmhouse. With stone steps." Edge said, with remembrance. "Christian, its where I found you. Remember? It had that little garden in the back, and your room overlooked it. Dammit, he blocked that out." He swore softly. "Jeff, do you know where it is?" Edge asked him cautiously. Jeff searched his memory.

"It's outside the cityâ€¦just outside. And it doesn't have a barn anymore. It was burned down when I was there."

"He tried to burn me thereâ€¦" Edge remarked, voice shaking. "Christian, you don't remember?" He shook his head.

"Nothing. Its all lost from then. But I remember leaving because of the dreams. I know that Gangrel drove us away." He frowned. "But I don't remember the house, or the garden - anything."

"Don't force it. I think we can find it." Edge glared at Jeff. "But you have to help us. Differences aside." Jeff nodded, and they rose together, to find Gabrielle and Christian's memories.

Everything was black. An absolute black that couldn't be penetrated by any amount of light. It was thick blackness, a dense cloud. She was there, but it wasn't a place. Gabrielle felt as if she was trapped. Her body either no longer existed, or she couldn't get the limbs to respond. A vague memory of her first night in darkness drifted back to her. Sleeping on the couch, surrounded by people. She was eight. The dark was horrid, and it wasn't her house. But there had been her doll to comfort her. She needed something to comfort her, someone to hold her.

"Hello" a voice startled her, as it echoed through her mind. Unsure of her words, or whether this was real, she spoke shakily.

"Where are you?" Silence. Then the voice rang and echoed once more.

"In my makers darkness. Banished for sins." Then, almost childlike, it added, "What's your name?" stumbling, not sure whether she was thinking or talking out loud, she put together a response.

"Gabrielle. Who are you?"

"Matt."

Black and unmemorable, the car prowled the streets as it had been doing for the better part of the night. They had found the exit that took them out of the city. The road was bumpy. But no old farmhouses stood out at all. No long driveways, no burnt barns, no stone steps. Maybe Jeff is wrong, Edge kept thinking. But his words had jarred Edge's memories, so there had to be some element of realism to the place. They had passed countless places, but none of them struck a cord with Edge or Jeff. Frustration surfaced on Edge's face, and Christian gazed out the window sleepily. Jeff was in the back, sitting bolt upright, eyes moving constantly from one window to the other.

"Stop." Jeff commanded sharply, somewhat startling the two others. "It's there." He pointed to the right. It was there. Painfully, Edge looked, memories of burnt flesh surfacing as he saw the skeletal like remains of the barn creeping over the house. Jeff felt a twinge of guilt at the fact that the first time he had come, his brother had been beside him, and would never be again. Christian felt nothing. Edge had stopped the car and was the last to get out. As much as it hated this place, he had to go in. Pushing the past down, he stood beside his brother. Christian was staring up at the house.

"How do we do it?" he asked softly, more talking to himself than anyone else. Edge shook his head, and looked to Jeff, who stood frozen, biting his lip.

"I think there's a window in the basement. I remember when he kept us there, I was afraid of the light." Edge frowned.

"But what if Gangrel's in there? We don't know. It's dangerous."

"No." Christian spoke up. "I can do it. Distract him, I mean. I know his weakness. Its me."

Questions sifted through Gabrielle's mind faster than she could recognise them. But one stood out. Still not sure of the defining line between thought and speech, she spoke.

"You're dead." Silence, then broken by a sudden outburst.

"No." Matt's voice interjected sharply. "I'm not."

"Butâ€¦but Jeff said he saw - "

"Jeff? My brother? He's still alive?"

"Yes."

"I was waiting for him. That's why I thought I was here." Confusion crept into Gabrielle's head. That wasn't what he had said earlier.

"but you said it was Gangrel who put you here for sins, or something, right?"

"I don't know. Where are you? You body, I mean." Try as she might, Gabrielle could not place where she had been last. "You can't remember. You'll lose your memory fast. Our memories slowly drift away. We exist in someone else's head, you know. Cling to a memory. Something. Someone."

"What do you cling to?"

"Hope. Hope of seeing my brother. As long as I remember him, I know I was once alive, and I can live again, out of Gangrel's mind. What do you cling to?" thinking briefly, the first image that came into her head was Edge. Edge standing beside the window on her first night with him, eyes soft, looking out over New Orleans.

"Do you miss him?"

"I'm empty without himâ€¦I need him."

"And you'll get him."

Edge tried to stop his brother from going in the house. If any of Christian memories came back suddenly, he would know everything. Edge could only watch his brother climb in through the basement window. He watched with Jeff, who stood silently beside him, his fear of going in the house stopping him from doing so. They both stared at the barn rising like a blackened demon over the house.

"You said he burned you?" the question rose and fell on Edge's ears. He hadn't spoke of it to anyone, only as reference, but never in detail. He walked up the driveway, to sit on the steps, but found himself following the dead trail to the barn. Jeff knew enough to stay away for now. Edge didn't even have to glance behind to tell that. He was inches from the barn. It had been three months.

—
"No! First your brother, now you? Who is she?" Gangrel demanded loudly, standing over edge, who sat on the back steps.

"I don't know who she is. But it doesn't matter."

"Yes, it does. Is she another vampire? I told you not to go out and -"

"She's mortal." He felt Gangrel snap. Everything went pure and blindingly white for a short time. Slowly, colours and shapes returned, and Edge found himself in the old barn outside that used to house animals that they had long since fed on in desperation. He was in the middle of a circle of fire. There was an instinctive reflex to run, but at this point he didn't know it wasn't deadly. Gangrel stood on the other side of the ring of fire, laughing.

"This is what you get for betraying me!"

— — —
Shaking his head, forcing the memories to dissipate, Edge tuned and saw Jeff.

"You okay?"

"Yea." He sighed. "Anything happen yet?" Jeff shook his head.

"Christian's in the house, but near as I can tell, Gangrel and Gabrielle aren't there." Jeff glanced briefly at the charred ruins. "At least we've got the right place." He offered, somewhat hopefully. Edge frowned and walked over to the back steps, sitting down.

"We can just wait and see." He said, trying to reassure himself.

"It's all we've got now." Jeff sat beside him. "Can you tell me about yourself before Gabrielle?"

"No. My past is my own and it's not to be shared, nor repeated."

"Not even to Gabrielle?"

"Especially not to Gabrielle."

"You owe that to her." Edge cocked his head and looked at Jeff.

"If we get out of this."

Christian stood staring blankly at the basement around him. Everything was dark, empty. Nothing crawled below him, or moved overhead. The room was filled with dead air. Which must have meant that the glint over silver from the corner was just a rock, or a piece of metal. Not trusting his senses, Christian walked over to the corner and saw a crumpled heap. At first, it looked like a pile of some sort of discarded matter. But this pile of discarded matter had silvery-blond streaks through curly brown hair. It was the lifeless body of Jeff's brother. Turning it over, he stared into brown eyes

that must once have had life. Christian traced the wounds on the neck that had been his demise. Twice. Christian silently told Edge what he had found. And he told Jeff.

"I'm not going in there!" Jeff yelled at Edge, who was halfway through the basement window.

"he's your brother! You have to give him a proper burial. Or at least say goodbye."

"But I can't. You don't understandâ€|" Edge lowered himself the rest of the way into the basement and stared up at Jeff.

"Get down here. I've put up with enough of your shit and I don't need this." Jeff remained still.

"I can'tâ€|I betrayed him. I could have saved himâ€|but I - "

"So this way you can make it up to him." Jeff sighed, still not moving in front of the window as Edge gazed up at him impatiently.

"I'll come then." He said, climbing through the small window and jumping below onto the dirt. Christian had moved Matt's body closer to the stairs leading to the main floor. Edge stood silently beside his brother, watching Jeff find his way toward Matt's body. He knelt beside him, and took his hand.

"I'm sorry." Was all he said, gently. And he knelt there for a long time, eyes never leaving his brothers dead ones. When it rose it was slowly and hesitantly.

"Move him upstairs to one of the bedrooms. He should be laid there."

"Why?" Christian enquired, moving to pick up the body with Edge.

"I don't know. I think he'd like to be there. He always loved to be higher up than everyone." Edge and Christian carried the body up the rotting wooden steps, with Jeff behind them. A mock funeral procession. No one stopped to survey the main floor, and they continued upwards. The brothers bearing the body stopped at the top of the steps as Jeff moved in front of them. He jerked open the first door on his left, the first room they came upon. Inside was a bed, nothing more. Edge sucked in a deep breath. It had been his room. They laid Matt out on the bed. Jeff sat on the floor, unmoving. Edge and Christian left him alone, and stood out in the hallway.

"Where do we go now?" Edge asked. Christian shrugged, and walked down the hall, to the door of the farthest room.

"Christianâ€|don't." Edge said. "It used to be yours."

"You don't want me to remember?" he asked, softly, slowly turning the doorknob.

"Noâ€|" Edge breathed softly, the word taking on so many different connotations as Christian saw Gabrielle laying on the bed, no signs of life resonating from the body. Christian's face grew pale and he turned towards Edge, who walked to his brothers side and followed his

gaze.

"No.." He said again. "Its not her.." Christian stumbled towards the bed she lay on, gathering up the lifeless body.

"Gabrielleâ€|" Christian said, brokenly. "This can't be rightâ€|" Edge still stood in the doorway, unable to move, speak or think, just watching as Christian rocked back and forth on the bed, crying over the body of their taken love.

Gangrel drove the car back to the house. He had forgotten that Jeff still knew the house. He couldn't sense anyone inside, but they could have blocked him out. Arrived in front of the old farmhouse, he saw a car. He had driven that car before. Gangrel knew his children were there, in the house. His plan had worked sooner than expected. Gangrel entered the house to begin his work.

"I wish I could see them again." Gabrielle said dreamily, thinking of Edge.

"You can." Matt answered. "but then we need to be freed of our maker. He has to die."

"I hope they know that. But - " she paused to think. "How can he be killed?"

"Draining all of the blood and not giving it back. I think its what was attempted on me, but it didn't work. I hope my brother doesn't think I'm dead.."

Jeff was still sitting on the floor, knees drawn into his chest, staring at his brothers lifeless form, when he heard the door slam downstairs. Rising and silently saying farewell once more, he went to warn Edge and Christian. Jeff closed the door to the room that was now Matt's and sought out the two others. It proved easy, as Edge still stood in the doorway to what had once been Christian's room. He wasn't moving. Jeff knew something was wrong, and moving so he could look in the room, he saw Christian sobbing and clutching a body. Gabrielle's. Edge didn't notice the startled gasp of Jeff behind him, he didn't notice anything. Edge now knew why he had felt empty, but now he felt dead. Jeff just stood, blinking away tears, eyes fixed on Christian and Gabrielle. Christian, try as he might, could not stop crying. He had fought so hard and long to find out who she was, and find out if they had a past, and now she was gone. Footsteps echoed slowly, and loudly on the steps. Jeff tore his eyes off the room long enough to see Gangrel ascending the stairs. He had the smile of a lunatic spread across his face.

"We're ahead of schedule." He said, and in one motion, Edge turned and ran at him, sending both men tumbling roughly down the stairs.

The darkness Gabrielle and Matt had been encased in began to dim, and be replaced by many colours, too numerous to specifically recognise.

"What's happening?" Gabrielle was forced to yell over the rush of white noise pouring into their heads.

"He's going to die. We're going to be free."

Jeff rushed to the top of the stairs and watched both men get up. He then helped Christian take Gabrielle's body into the room Matt was in. Less dangerous, they both thought for some reason. As the door slammed shut beside him, he heard glass break, and turned his gaze back downstairs. Edge and Gangrel had disappeared from sight. Jeff rushed downstairs and saw the glass from the window of the front door strewn about the floor. Edge had smashed Gangrel's head into the window. They were in the front room, when Jeff got an idea. He ripped the legs off a table that sat in the middle of the room. All four. Edge looked back, and Jeff threw one of the makeshift stakes to him. The stakes wouldn't kill, but they left the victim incapacitated for a good amount of time. Just long enough to keep Gangrel's mind on the pain of the stake rather than the fact that they were going to kill him. Edge had him cornered and pinned to the wall, when he shoved the stake through him, hearing it rip through the skin and pierce the wall behind him. Jeff ran over and impaled Gangrel with the remaining two, both of them amazed at the ease of the fight. Looking up at the ceiling and silently asking for some sort of blessing, Edge bent his head and tore his maker's throat. Jeff grabbed Gangrel's arm, and bit into the flesh of the wrist. When the flow of blood slowed and then ceased, they pulled away, and felt Gangrel's last breath, a half-hearted curse against all his children, and then he was dead. No blood flowed through his veins, no thoughts passed through his head and no struggles for breath wracked his body. Remaining pinned on the wall for a moment, he turned into ashes and fell off Jeff and Edge's feet.

For the first time Gabrielle could see Matt.

"We're free." He smiled, and took her hand as they began the descent into the blinding light under them.

Days ago, Christian had wept because his maker left him. Now his maker was dead at the hands of his children, and Christian could only weep for the loss of his life. The last time she had been in his arms, she was warm, full of life. Now, sitting next to another dead body he had seen alive, she was cold and emotionless. But he couldn't let her go. It wasn't an option. Christian jumped when he heard a soft moan beside him, and turned to see Matt's chest rise. Almost on cue, Jeff and Edge flung the door open, and Jeff rushed to his brother's side.

"My hope.." Matt whispered. Jeff smiled, eyes filling with joyful tears. Matt turned his head to the side and saw Christian holding Gabrielle. "She was right beside me!"

"What?" Christian remarked, astonished and confused.

"We were together. She came back with me! She'll come back." Christian brushed fallen hair off of Gabrielle's face and hopefully awaited Matt's prophecy.

As they left the house, Christian still held Gabrielle. Matt constantly reassured him that she would come back. On the car ride home, she still hadn't returned, but Christian still held fast to her, and to his hope of her return. Edge had remained silent. Once they reached the mansion in the city, Edge demanded to hold Gabrielle. He sat on the couch with her body in his arms for hours. Christian had fallen asleep in the chair beside his brother, and Matt

and Jeff had long retreated upstairs. First, Edge felt his head fill with radiant images of Gabrielle, as she had been as a mortal, and as she had been before Gangrel took her. Then he felt her stir in his arms. Christian snapped his head up. He could feel her return. Sleepily opening her eyes, she gazed up at Edge, and sighed contentedly. Gabrielle pressed her head against his chest and fell asleep, smiling happily. Edge and Christian both watched intently as she slept, silently shedding tears of joy at the return of their love.

Upstairs, Matt's eyes fluttered open and he met the gaze of Jeff, sitting in a chair near the bed.

"Told you so." Matt said, smiled, and returned to sleep. Jeff smiled back, and for the first time, the entire house was happy.

Gabrielle awoke to see Christian's eyes upon her, and felt Edge's arms around her. She looked up into his eyes.

"Miss me?" He smiled and with tears in his eyes for the third time that day, responded.

"More than you'll ever know." She glared at Christian.

"So both of you have been sitting here watching me sleeping for how long now?" Christian lowered his eyes, and Edge laughed softly.

"It's not like we have anything else to do." Edge responded, tightening his arms around her and kissing her hair. She smiled contentedly.

"I've missed this. Us." She snuggled closer. "You too, Christian." He laughed and decided to sleep, happy that she was perfectly fine. Christian rose and stood before the pair on the couch. Bending down, he kissed her forehead as he had done so many times in the past.

"Good night, Christian." She whispered as he left the room. "How's Matt doing?" Gabrielle asked, and was greeted with silence.

"How do you know about him?" she sighed.

"We were trapped together in Gangrel's head."

"What?" she laughed at the confused look on his face.

"Well, we were. I'll explain later. I just want to enjoy you." Gabrielle said, turning over and resting her head on his shoulder, breathing in his scent.

"What do you mean by enjoy?" Edge asked, a sly smile playing on his face. She smiled back as his mouth descended on hers, entrapping her in a soul penetrating kiss that left them both breathless. Gathering Gabrielle in his arms, Edge carried her from the living room, up the stairs, and into his room. He laid her down on the bed and stood before her.

"I'm never losing you again."

End
file.